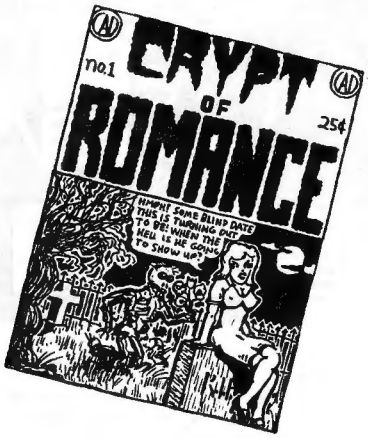
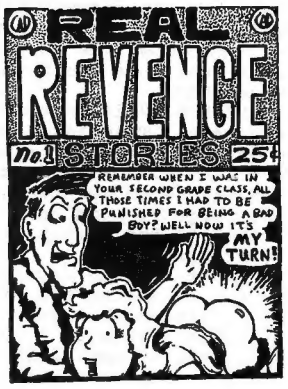
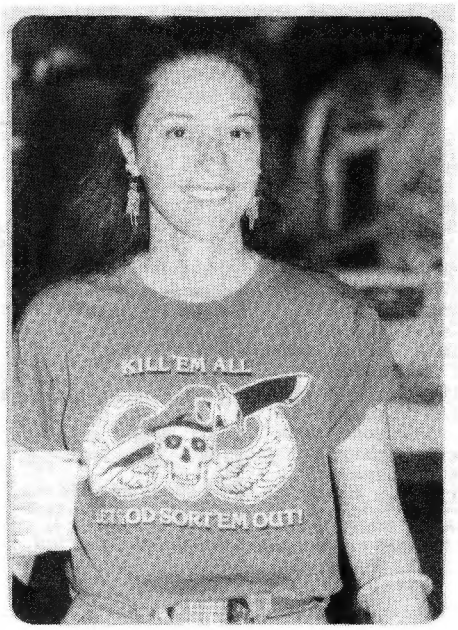
AMERICAN
MAYHEM
NUMBER ONE • A CAD COMIC • TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
BANG YOU'RE DEAD
HARRY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PUT DOWN THAT GU—
AAAAK!
EAT LEAD, PITCH! BRUCE HAS TOLD ME ALL ABOUT GIRLS LIKE YOU!
OH! YOU'RE SUCH A MAN, HARRY!
BAM! BAM! BAM!




AD
REAL
REVENGE
no.1
STORIES
25¢
REMEMBER WHEN I WAS IN YOUR SECOND GRADE CLASS, ALL THOSE TIMES I HAD TO BE PUNISHED FOR BEING A BAD BOY? WELL NOW IT'S
MY TURN!

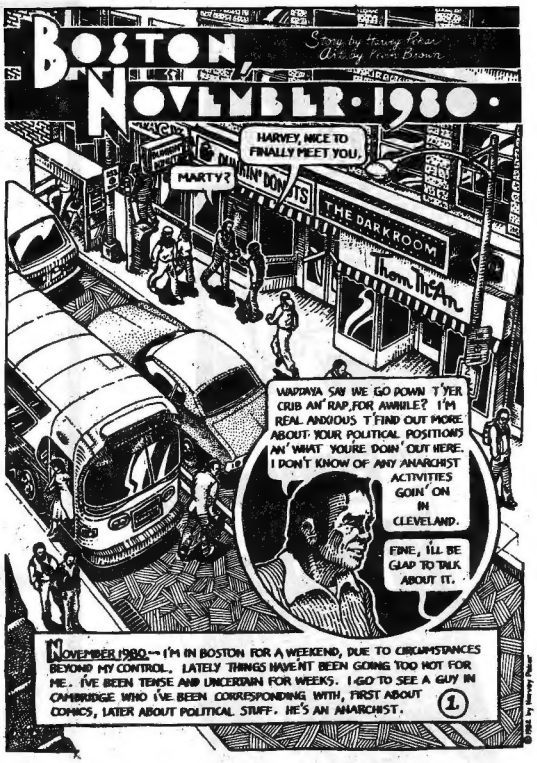
COMIX WORLD 204. September 1, 1982. ©Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. World Rights Reserved. Logo by Kevin B. Eastman, whose latest work appears in BAD GIRL ART 2 ($2.50pp from CW) and COMIX WAVE 10 ($1.50pp from CW). Subs: $11 for 48. Special this month to CW readers: the first 10 issues of COMIX WAVE for $10 pp. Photos: Suzanne Williams in Robert Williams Green Beret t-shirt. Wicked Wanda and Candy Floss onstage at the San Diego Con. The Spain illo is from SAN FRANCISCO'S APPEAL TO REASON, John Bryan's new monthly paper. Ron Turner is cartoon editor. All around you are Clark Dissmeyer mini-comix. 25¢/stamp each from him at 105 N Esther St., Fullerton, NE 68638.* BOP 1 came out in August. Magazine-sized glossy nostalgia music mag. $2.75 from your local store. BOP was to be a quarterly, but the word is advance sales were too low and it was cancelled.* Tom Brinkman is doing the DAILY SNEWS. Some fully collagerie and art. SASE to him for a copy. 4 Cranberry Dr., Islip, NY 11751. Another CREATON CON in October. Details next time.



American Splendor #7 -- a review by Diana Schutz

From off the streets of Cleveland comes yet another segment of American Splendor. With the seventh installment of this title, billed as the "big divorce issue", Harvey Pekar treats us to more low-key, autobiographical musing, all the more powerful because of its understated style. Here is a curious man, with curious stories to tell--real stories about real people, slice-of-life vignettes about a drab little man in a drab little town. There are no super-heroes in Cleveland, no knock-down battles, no spaceships--instead, there's Harvey Pekar, quietly working day-to-day as a hospital clerk, collecting old jazz records and odd acquaintances in his spare time, a recluse with no ambition who wonders why he can't make it with women. This is the splendor of America, folks!

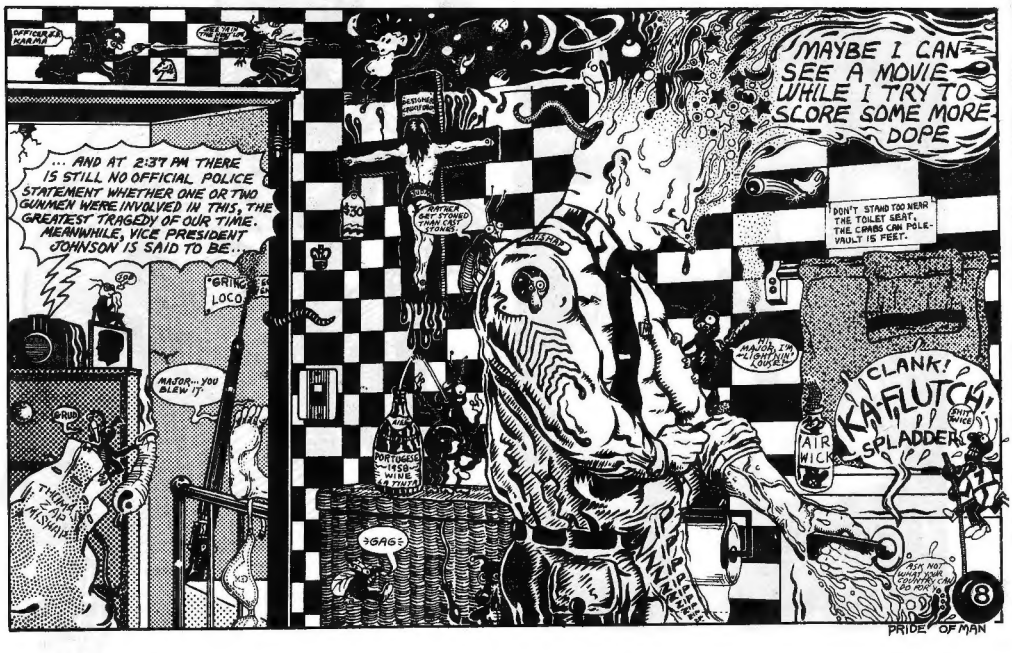
What is compelling about an old man telling bad jokes? Or about a trip to the library? Perhaps this: Pekar's characters are expressive and made of flesh and blood, and their small personal dramas are real--uncomfortably so--and occasionally brilliant with insight ("You need a community of friends, it really helps ya keep goin'. Findin' 'em though, that's sump'n' else."). Pekar himself, however, is an enigma. Sitting atop his lonely tower in Cleveland Heights, he passes judgement on a world outside himself, blames "society" for his failures with women, but blinds himself to his own idiosyncracies. In "The Day Before the Be In", Pekar details an episode in the sad decay of his first marriage--he, the perfect innocent, hot to do the Saturday morning groceries routine, but can't wait one hour for his wife to join him, does the shopping alone, and screws it up after all. This is a Saturday morning in everyone's life and these are the trivial albeit wearing frustrations that gnaw at relationships. It's hard to tell whether Pekar realizes that. Certainly, the Pekar of the printed page does not. In "A Dialogue" (with himself), beautifully illustrated by Sue Cavey, our man analyzes and rationalizes about the break-up of his second marriage, condemning wife #2 for her desire to get out of Cleveland and, ultimately, to get rid of him. But what did he have to offer, other than his own black perspective? Still, despite this self-serving lack of insight, Pekar gives us a portrait of loneliness, the despair of the singles scene, a man agonizing over the past beside a silent phone. And philosophically concludes that he'd be glad to trade growth for happiness. Right on, Harvey.


BOSTON, NOVEMBER·1980·
Story by Harvey Pekar
Art by Frank Brown
HARVEY, NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU.
MARTY?
THE DARK ROOM
WADDYA SAY WE GO DOWN T'YER CRIB AN' RAP FOR AWHILE? I'M REAL ANXIOUS T'FIND OUT MORE ABOUT YOUR POLITICAL POSITIONS AN' WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' OUT HERE. I DON'T KNOW OF ANY ANARCHIST ACTIVITIES GOIN' ON IN CLEVELAND.
FINE, I'LL BE GLAD TO TALK ABOUT IT.
NOVEMBER 1980 -- I'M IN BOSTON FOR A WEEKEND, DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND MY CONTROL. LATELY THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN GOING TOO HOT FOR ME. I'VE BEEN TENSE AND UNCERTAIN FOR WEEKS. I GO TO SEE A GUY IN CAMBRIDGE WHO I'VE BEEN CORRESPONDING WITH, FIRST ABOUT COMICS, LATER ABOUT POLITICAL STUFF. HE'S AN ANARCHIST.
1

Schutz cont'd-- Pekar's life is not entirely miserable, however, and there are a few chuckles along the way--most notable in "The Maggies", a story which includes some perplexity over the liar's paradox and "a little Socrates thrown in!" "Religion" is another funny bit about a guy who's glad to get his daughters married off--one down, two to go! Pekar's wit is as subtle as his torment and always touches home.

AMERICAN SPLENDOR #7 is indeed splendid in many ways. This issue features a number of fine artistic talents-from newcomers to the book like Sean Carroll and Jack Millie to regular contributors Crumb, Budgett, Dumm and Shamray--all rising to the unique challenge of Pekar's storytelling.

You may not want to date Harvey Pekar, but you have to admire the man for writing about life--or his view of it, anyway--in comics. This is thought-provoking everyday stuff, not escapist fantasy--a rarity in today's market. But the man behind AMERICAN SPLENDOR is still an enigma, still producing a quality comic book and living out the routines he writes about, still lonely and creative. Is this man a martyr? I don't really want to intrude on his life--but maybe it's time for Harvey Pekar to get the hell out of Cleveland and find himself some happiness.


... AND AT 2:37 PM THERE IS STILL NO OFFICIAL POLICE STATEMENT WHETHER ONE OR TWO GUNMEN WERE INVOLVED IN THIS, THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF OUR TIME. MEANWHILE, VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON IS SAID TO BE...
MAYBE I CAN SEE A MOVIE WHILE I TRY TO SCORE SOME MORE DOPE
DON'T STAND TOO NEAR THE TOILET SEAT, THE CRABS CAN POLE-VAULT 15 FEET.
CLANK! KA-FLUTCH! SPLADDER
PRIDE OF MAN
8

At left, an illo by Jim Ryan from Jerry Goebert's DALLAS '63. This will be part of the upcoming MAJOR MISHAP comic book out soon. Jerry's new address is 5540 Avondale Place, Pittsburgh, PA 15206.* CITY LIMITS GAZETTE 4 is 50¢ from Bruce Chrislip, 1562 E. Olive Way #107, Seattle, WA 98102.* ALIEN CARNIVAL is $1.75 from Michael Roden, 611 Garfield Ave., Milford, OH 45150.* DREAM SEQUENCE is 50¢/29¢ post from Steven Scharff 516 Buchanan St., Hillside, NJ 07205. BIZARRE ESCAPADES 4 25¢/stamp Ben Adams Rt 2, Bx 27, Madelia mn 56062.

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